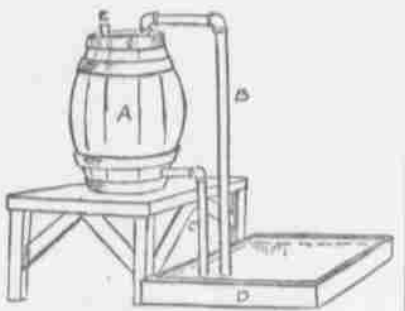


POULTRY

CHEAP TROUGH FOR POULTRY

Illustration and Directions for Putting Together Necessary Utensils.

A is the barrel with water. B is the pipe through which the air enters the barrel. C is the pipe through which the water flows into the trough. D, which must sit level, and E is the plug that closes the opening with which the barrel is filled, says Farm Press. The water will run out of G into the trough until it reaches B and soon as it does, it shuts off the air and the water ceases to flow from the barrel until it is drunk out below the mouth of B. When filling the barrel



Poultry Trough.

take out plug E and insert into the end of pipe C and when the barrel is full replace. A funnel is usually put in the opening on the top to make filling quick and easy.

PREPARE DUCKS FOR MARKET

Number of Things to Be Carefully Observed in Order to Get Birds in Excellent Shape.

(By W. R. GILBERT.) It should be the aim of those who require early ducklings for the market to have stock birds in full lay by the end of October or the first of November—that is, before the severe weather sets in.

In order to accomplish this the feeding during September and October must be carefully attended to and the nutritious rather than fattening food be provided for the birds.

By this time last year's ducks should have quite overcome the molt and should have their full complement of feathers.

As far as possible an abundance of exercise should be allowed the birds, and this can only satisfactorily be arranged when a free range is provided. The chief danger of confining them is that under such conditions they are liable to add on flesh too quickly, and on no account should stock ducks be fat.

The difficulty can, of course, be overcome by feeding sparingly upon somewhat bulky foods.

Two meals a day will be found quite sufficient, one the first thing in the morning and the other about 3:30 or 4 in the afternoon.

Soft food should be provided for the morning meal and a mixture during this and the succeeding month which we have employed with success is two parts of the middlings, one of the barley meal, one of bran and one of brewers' grains.

At first there may be a slight difficulty in persuading the birds to eat the last mentioned, but they speedily become accustomed to the flavor and eat it readily.

A mixture such as this will keep the ducks in good stock condition and will assist egg production at the proper time. No hard or fast rule can be laid down as to the actual amount of food to be supplied, as this varies with the breed and the conditions under which the birds are being kept and with the season.

The only thing to do is to periodically examine them, and if too fat reduce the quantity of food; if too lean increase it.

The mash should be given to the birds not in a sloppy but a crumbly, moist condition. The former state too much unnecessary water has to be taken into the system.

The soft food should always be supplied warm.

For the afternoon feeding either hard grain or mash may be supplied. Personally I prefer the latter, but many breeders are in favor of the former.

Should grain be provided oats are the best for the purpose, which should be scattered upon the drinking water. Good sample oats much be used, as otherwise there is too much husk. If mash is employed—and the two may be fed on alternate days—the same mixture as that for the morning feed will answer well.

If the birds are becoming rather too fat, the proportion of bran should be increased and the barley meal decreased.

The soft food should always be fed from a trough, otherwise so much is trampled on and made unfit for consumption.

Diseases of Fowls.

A large proportion of the diseases to which fowls are subject are related to the respiratory organs. Fowls give off in breathing the moisture which other animals excrete through the skin and kidneys. Consequently it is the lungs that frequently go wrong when a bird falls ill. The two commonest complaints and also the most deadly (with the exception of cholera), are roup and liver disease or consumption. Roup usually arises from a neglected cold, liver disease from inbreeding and close confinement. It is not fowls alone that are subject to consumption as it is the most fruitful cause of death among all wild animals kept in captivity, and domestic animals in close confinement.

Eggs From Early Maturing Stock. Try to secure eggs from early maturing stock as the chicks will make better growth, will not eat any more, and therefore will not only make more profit out of the food consumed, but will be on the market when prices are higher. The American breeds are generally considered the best for broilers, and they will never tire of it.

HANDY DRIVER FOR POULTRY

Useful and Convenient Implement to Have Around Chicken Yard—Saves Temper.

The art of handling chickens, and especially the growing stock, is a matter of no small concern nor of easy accomplishment. The vicious practice of "shooting" with arms gesticulating is not only trying to the nerves of both bird and operator, but it often leads to a loss of temper and severe words. The aim should be to quietly



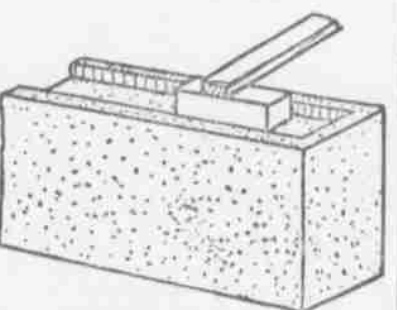
The Handy Poultry Driver.

drive the birds, so as not to fret them. As a means to an end the illustration shown herewith pictures a simple contrivance, the materials of which are to be had for the mere trouble of gathering. Take an ordinary leaf of the fan palm (Washingtonia filifera) wired to a long stick. Used gently, the young chicks may be easily guided in any direction, and are not so apt to be frightened as by "shooting" with a woman flapping an apron up and down, much like the four arms of an old Dutch windmill. Try it.

LICE-PROOF POULTRY ROOST

Device Shown in Illustration Easily Constructed From Concrete and Is Cheap.

Prevention is worth many pounds of cure when applied to the lice problem in the poultry house; if a roost is used that absolutely prevents them from reaching the fowls, there will be little trouble in this regard, says Homestead. The device shown in the illustration is one that is easily made and requires simply the molding of a light concrete wall to support the roosts, in the top of same a hollow or recess is molded by imbedding a board into the concrete while "green" and then removing same when the concrete has cured; a block of wood is placed in this recess to carry the roost; this should be high enough to bring the roost laid upon same about an inch above the top of wall. The recess is filled around the blocks with all or any solution you use to prevent the lice from reaching the roost.



Lice-Proof Roost for Poultry.

Gapes in Poultry.

The gape or gap is caused by a worm or a number of them attached to the inner membrane of the wind pipe, and the chick gasps for a larger supply of fresh air. Some relief may be obtained by putting the chicks in a box, covering it with thin muslin, then by sprinkling fine lime on the muslin and tapping on it with a stick the lime sifts down upon the chicks, causing them to sneeze. In this way many of the worms will be dislodged and thrown off. Turpentine is very offensive to the gape worms. A feather dipped in turpentine and gently pushed down the windpipe (not the throat) will generally dislodge them. A few drops of turpentine in the drinking water, or bathing the throat externally with a weak solution of the same often gives relief.

Shipping Live Poultry.

Two things should be observed in shipping live poultry. First, the birds should have plenty of room, and, second, plenty of air. The crates should be large and partitioned so the birds will not all be thrown into one end. The slats on the crate should be only close enough together to prevent the birds from escaping.

Fossilized Egg.

An egg has been found in the Gila river in Arizona four and one-half inches in diameter. It is entirely fossilized and scientists estimate that it was laid thousands of years ago.

Charcoal for Chickens.

If fowls or chicks have access to charcoal they will never be troubled with intestinal worms.

POULTRY NOTES

The more active the hens the more water they will drink.

There is no possible way of determining the sex of eggs.

In killing and dressing pigeons, handle them gently to avoid bruising.

Don't neglect to give the hens plenty of clear, cold water at this time of the year.

A healthy hen is always ready for her meals, and is the one that fills the egg basket.

Rightly handled leghorns are magnificent layers, but in some respects are rather obstinate.

Squabs may be dressed when wanted for food and may always be had in a fresh and wholesome condition.

The young turkeys that have been able to reach the first of this month in a good, healthy condition, are perfectly safe.

In one night rats will destroy enough chicks to pay for many a rod of first-class fine-meshed wire.

No one ever saw a hen refuse to eat sweet corn. A handful now and then is a luxury, or so it appears from the way the fowls eat it.

Field peas coarsely ground added to ground feed for fowls, or small quantities ground with the feed as prepared, is said to be a valuable addition.

Turn the hens into the alfalfa field. They will pick up lots of insects, besides weed seeds, and the alfalfa will supply their steady diet day after day, and they will never tire of it.

THE QUICKENING

—BY—
FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER XXV

Hoping always for the best, after the manner prescribed for optimistic gentlemen who successfully exploit their fellows, Mr. Duxbury Farley did not deem it necessary to confide fully in his son when the representative of American Aqueduct broke off negotiations abruptly and went back to New York.

When the comfortable arrangement with the pipe trust threatened to miscarry, all he did was to urge Vincent to hasten the day when Miss Dabney's stock could be utilized as a Farley asset. Pressed for particular reasons, he turned it off lightly. A young man in the fever of ante-nuptial expectancy was a poor pawn in the business game; let it be over and done with, so that the nominal treasurer of Chiawasseo Limited could once more become the treasurer in fact.

Whereupon Vincent, who rode badly at best, bought a new saddle-horse and took his place in Miss Dabney's ship to hasten the early morning ride, the place formerly filled by Tom Gordon— which was not the part of wisdom, one would say. Contrasts are pitiless things; and the wary woman-hunter will break new paths rather than traverse those already broken by his rival.

Tom, meanwhile, had apparently relapsed into his former condition of disinterest, and was once more spending his days on the mountain, seemingly lost in the effort to escape himself socially, as he had been offered business-wise by the Farley overturn.

A week or more after the relapse, as he was crossing the road leading over the mountain's shoulder, he came on the morning riders walking their horses toward Paradise, and saw in the lead Miss Dabney's eyes, and on Farley's impassive face a mask of sullen anger.

With the negotiations for the sale to the trust so abruptly terminated, the promoter-president set instant and anxious inquiry afoot to determine the cause. It was soon revealed, and when Mr. Farley found that the pipe-pit patents had not been transferred with the Gordon plant, and that Major Dabney had given Caleb Gordon a power of attorney over Arden's stock in the company, there were hard words said in the town offices of Messrs. Crowlitt & Stocum, Chiawasseo attorneys, and a torrent of persuasive ones poured into the Major's ear—the latter pointing to the crying necessity for the revocation of the power of attorney, summarily and at once.

The Major proved singularly obstinate and non-committal. "Mistah Caleb Gordon is my friend, sub, and I was mighty proud to do him this small favor. What his object is makes no manner of difference to me, sub; no manner of difference, whatever," was all the anxious promoter could get out of the old autocrat of Deer Trace. But Mr. Farley did not desert; neither did he fail to keep the telephone wires to New York heated to incandescence with his appeals for a reversal of the negotiations for surrender.

When the freight appeals brought forth nothing but evasive replies, Mr. Farley began to look for trouble, and it came: first in a mysterious closing of the market against Chiawasseo pipe, and next in an alarming advance of freight rates from Gordon on the Great Southwestern.

Colonel Duxbury doubled his field force and gave his travelers a free hand on the price list. Persuasion and coaxing had failed; he was now bent on a bluff, and in a frenzy like that of one who finds himself slipping into the sharp-staked pitfall prepared for others seized on him. It was the madness of those who have seen the clock hands stop and begin to turn gradually backward on the dial of success.

Ten days later the freight rates went up another notch, and there began to be a painful dearth of cars in which to ship the few orders the salesmen were still able to place. Mr. Farley shut his eyes to the portents, but himself recklessly into Mr. Vanderlin's hands as a borrower, and posted a notice of a slashing cut in wages at the works.

As a matter of course, the cut bred immediate and tumultuous trouble with the miners, and in the midst of it the president made a flying trip to New York, to the metropolis and to the offices of American Aqueduct to make a final appeal in person.

But the door was shut. Mr. Dracott was not to be seen, though his assistant was very affable. No; American Aqueduct was not trying to assimilate the smaller plants, or to crush out all competition, as the public seemed to believe. With fifty million dollars invested it could easily control a market for its own product, which was all the shareholders wanted. "Was Mr. Farley in the city for some time?" and would he not dine with the assistant at the Waldorf-Astoria?

Mr. Farley took a fast train, south-bound, instead, and on reaching South Tredegar, wired his New York broker to test the market with a small block of Chiawasseo Limited property elsewhere at the upset price; and the highest bid was less than half of the asking. Colonel Duxbury was writing letters at the Cupola when the broker's telegram was handed him, and he broke a rule which had held good for the better part of a cautious, self-contained lifetime. The following morning the miners and all the white men employed in the furnace and foundries and coke yards at Gordonville went on strike.

Duxbury Farley had resources, a comfortable fortune as country fortunes go, amassed by far-seeing shrewdness, a calm contempt for the well-being of his business associates, and most of all by a crowning gift in the ability to recognize the psychological moment at which to let go.

But under pressure of the combined disasters he lost his head, quarreled with his colder-blooded son, and in spite of Vincent's angry protests, began the suicidal process of turning his available assets into ammunition for the fighting of a battle which could have but one possible outcome.

Strike-breakers were imported at fabulous expense. Armed guards under pay swarmed at the valley foot, and around the company's property elsewhere. By hook or crook the foundries were kept going, turning out water-pipe for which there was no market, and which, owing to the disturbances, were promptly made an excuse by the railway company, could not be moved out of the Chiawasseo yard. Later, when the striking workmen

began to grow hungry, riot, arson and bloodshed were nightly occurrences. A charging of coal, mined under the greatest difficulties, was conveyed to the coke yards, only to be destroyed and half of the ovens with it—by dynamite cunningly blackened and dropped into the chargings. For want of fuel, the furnace went out of blast, but with the small store of coke remaining in the foundry yards, the pipe mills kept up at work. By this time the promoter-president was little better than a madman, fighting like a berserker, and breeding a certain awe and respect in the comment of those who had hitherto held him only as a shrewd schemer.

And Thomas Jefferson: how did this return to primordial chaos, brought about in no uncertain sense by his own premeditated act, affect him? Only a man quite lost to all promptings of the grace that saves and softens could look unmoved on the burnings and riotings, the cruel wastings and the bloodlettings, one would say.

When he was not galloping Saladin afar in the country roads to the landward side of Paradise, Tom Gordon was idling purposefully in the Lebanon forests, with the fowling-piece under his arm and Japheth Pettigrew's dog trotting soberly at heel, as carefree, to all appearances, as a school-boy home for a holiday.

It was on an evening a fortnight after the first outbreak of the blast for lack of fuel that Caleb followed his son out on the veranda. The Indian summer was still at its best, and since the early frosts there had been a return of dry weather and mild temperatures, with warm, soft nights when the blue haze seemed to hold all objects in suspension.

Tom had pushed out a chair for his father, when he suddenly became aware that the still air was once more thrumming and murmuring to the familiar roar and sigh of the great furnace blowing-engines. He started up quickly.

"What's that?" he demanded. "Surely they haven't blown in again?" Caleb nodded assent.

"I reckon so. Colonel Duxbury allowed me this morning that he was about out of the woods—in spite of you, he said; as if you'd been the one that was doing him up."

"But he can't be!" exclaimed Tom, so earnestly and definitely that the mask fell away and the father was no longer deceived.

"You only tell me what he allowed to me, son. I reckoned he was about all in, quite a spell ago; but you can't tell nothing by what you see—when it's Colonel Duxbury. He got two carloads of new men to-day, and he's loaded 'em with dynamite, and getting it here, too."

"You feared me a little at first; but I think I know now what has happened." Caleb took time to let the remark sink in. It carried inferences that "Buddy, I been suspectin' for a good while back that you know more 'bout this sudden smash-up than you're let on. Do you?"

"I know all about it," was the quiet rejoinder.

"You do?" Tom held up his hand for silence. A man had let himself in at the roadway gate and was walking rapidly up the path to the house. It was Norman; and after a few hurried words in private with his father, he went as he had come, declining Caleb's invitation to stay.

When the gate latch clicked at Norman's outgoing, Tom had risen and was knocking the ash from his pipe and buttoning his coat.

"I was admiring this, I know," he said. "I can tell you more now than I could a moment ago, because the time for which I have been waiting has come. You remarked that you thought the Farleys were at the end of their rope. They were not until to-day, but to-day they are. Every piece of property they have, including Warwicker Lodge, is mortgaged to the hilt, and this afternoon Colonel Duxbury put his Chiawasseo stock into Henniker's hands as security for a final loan—so Norman tells me. Perhaps it would interest you to try to know something about the figure at which Henniker accepted it."

"It would, for a fact, Buddy," he said. "Well, he took it for less than the annual dividend that it earned the year he ran the plant; and between us two, he's scared to death at that."

"Why, Buddy, son, were plum' ruined—and so's old Major Dabney!"

"Don't you worry, pappy. Our part, since Colonel Duxbury saw fit to freeze us out, is to say nothing and saw wood. If the Farleys come to you, you can tell him that my word to him holds good; he can have par for Arden's stock any time he wants it, and he could have it just the same if Chiawasseo were wiped off the map—as it's going to be."

"But Tom, tell me—"

"Not yet, pappy; be patient just a little while longer and you shall know all there is to tell. I'm leaving you with a clean conscience to say to any one who asks that you don't know."

"I don't know, pappy. Our part, since Colonel Duxbury saw fit to freeze us out, is to say nothing and saw wood. If the Farleys come to you, you can tell him that my word to him holds good; he can have par for Arden's stock any time he wants it, and he could have it just the same if Chiawasseo were wiped off the map—as it's going to be."

"I can't help that!" was the savage response. "It's a battle to the death, and the smoke of it has got into my blood. If I believed in God, as I used to once, I'd be down on my knees to Him this minute, asking Him to let me long enough to see these two hypocritical thieves—these—snags—hit the bottom!"

He turned away, walked to the north end of the veranda, where the flare of the rekindled furnace was redly visible over the knolls, and presently came back.

"I said you should know after a little; you may as well know now. I planned this thing; I set out to break them; and, as it happened, I wasn't a moment too soon. In another week you and Major Dabney would have had a chance to sell out for little or nothing, or lose it all. Farley had it tried to be swallowed by the trust, and this is how it was to be done. Farley stipulated

that the stock transaction should figure as a forced sale at next to nothing, in which all the stockholders should participate, and that the remainder of the purchase price, which would have been a fair figure for all the stock, should be paid to him and his son individually as a bonus!"

The old iron-master groaned. In spite of the hard teaching of all the years, he would have clung to some poor shadow of belief in Duxbury Farley if he could have done so.

"That's all!" Tom went on, stridently; "all but the turning of the trick that put them in the hole they were digging for you and the Major. Vint Farley had no notion of letting Arden bring her money into the family of her own free will; he planned to rob her first and marry her afterward. Now I'm going down to tell them both what they're up against! Don't sit up for me."

He had taken a dozen strides down the gravelled path when he saw some one coming hurriedly across the lawn from Deer Trace, and heard a voice—the voice of the woman he loved—calling to him softly in the stillness:

"Tom! O Tom!" is said, "please wait—just one minute!" But there are emotions mightier, momentarily, than love and vengeance is one. He made as if he did not see or hear; and lest she should overtake him, left the path to lose himself among the trees and to vault the low boundary wall into the pike at a point safely out of sight from the gate.

(To be continued.)

THE CAT AND THE BABY.

A Medical Opinion as to the Tradition of a Feline Danger.

Several physicians have investigated the ancient story that cats suck the breath of babies, and Dr. J. Rice Gibbs declares that the theory is ridiculous. Cats occasionally kill children, he declares, but they do it in a different fashion.

"It has been stated that a cat's nostrils are so formed as to make a perfect puncture with the nose of a baby," said Dr. Gibbs, "and that a little pressure would push them upward and make them a perfect fit. Then the cat's chin would rest over and below the baby's mouth, preventing it from opening to relieve the strangulation while the cat sucked its breath. That is all rot. The manner in which little children are killed by cats is this: A cat looking for a warm place to curl up and sleep lies down upon the chest of a little child, and, being quite heavy—many cats are as heavy as little babies—simply crushes the breath out of the child's lungs, and strangulation takes place, but not through sucking the child's breath."

"The idea that only black cats kill little babies is equally ridiculous. It is simply because black cats are considered unlucky. In former times the black cat was considered the very genius of witchcraft. In those days when a baby died the blame was often fixed upon some hag who, the judges said, had sent a black cat to suck the baby's breath. And often hag and cat suffered death at the stake."

"Evil omen is still the cry in many parts of the world whenever a black cat approaches a cradle. Many persons are so superstitious that the appearance of a black cat in a sickroom is considered equivalent to an announcement of an approaching death. What could be more absurd?"

"Mothers need not be afraid of cats, black, white or green, sucking their babies' breath and murdering them. It is time that this popular fallacy should be exploded."—New York World.

CARE OF PARROTS.

The Proper Way to Feed, Care and Teach the Birds.

As few people who own parrots really know how to care for them, a few good rules may be of interest.

As to their food, it should be seeds—canary, hemp (but not too much), millet, boiled maize, linseed, rape and the like. Bread soaked in hot water is good, given twice a day, and fruit in moderation and in variety is wholesome, such as grapes, apples and pears, an occasional raisin and lettuce.

Gray parrots are very fond of rice, and almost all parrots appreciate rice pudding and have a taste, too, for bread and butter. Meat is had for them. Clean, fresh wood should be given them to gnaw—bits of elm, birch, larch and chestnut. Fresh dry gravel must be sprinkled at the bottom of the cage every day and fresh water be put in the glass.

It is important that parrots should have the opportunity to stand flat footed, so if the cage has wires at the bottom it is well to remove them. Always to have his claws clasping a round perch is injurious to any bird, and two perches of different size are advisable, so that he may change his posture at will.

When a parrot continues to scream he wants water or food or feels ill and uncomfortable or maybe is merely dull. Music, which he loves, will cheer him up at all times.

A parrot learns to talk only from one who speaks very slowly and distinctly to him and preferably when he is about to fall asleep. Last, but not least, a parrot should be carefully covered at night—London Mail.

The First Fantomine.

The first pantomime introduced to the English stage was "Tavern Bilkers," and was by John Weaver. This was in the year 1702. It was produced at Drury Lane. The great instigator of pantomime in England was, however, John Rich, who despatched this form of entertainment in 1717. His first emphatic success was in 1724, when he produced "The Necromancer; or, History of Dr. Faustus." So successful was Rich with his pantomimes that Garrick, Quin and others became exasperated. Rich lived to see pantomimes firmly established at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. He died in 1781.—London Stage.

Not a Bouncer.

"Mother," said a 6-year-old, hopeful, "isn't it funny that everybody calls little brother a bouncer baby?" "Why do you think it's funny, Willie?" remarked his mother.

"Because when I dropped him on the floor this morning he didn't bounce a bit. He only rolled."

A square-rigged ship may become a wreck-triangle in a storm.

Never judge a woman's disposition by the size of her smile.

Public Want Ads.

Wanted—Several nice old gentlemen to represent us financially. Nothing to do but utter wise remarks and endorse dividend checks. Good wages, from fifty to one hundred millions a year.

Wanted—A financier who will guarantee to keep us supplied with half-colleges and half-libraries while we supply the other halves. No experience required. Good rub-off.

Wanted—At once. A large number of stockholders to take charge of our food supply and keep us from eating too much. No regular hours. Palm Beach in winter. Adirondacks in summer.

Wanted—A few select persons to represent us socially and do the things we haven't time for. No brains needed. All expenses paid. No worry.—Success.

FOR THE SKIN AND SCALP

Because of its delicate, emollient, anodyne, antiseptic properties derived from Cuticura Ointment, united with the purest of cleansing ingredients and most refreshing of flower odors, Cuticura Soap is unrivaled for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair and hands, and, as a disinfectant for itching irritation and inflammation and preventing clogging of the pores, the cause of many disagreeable facial eruptions. All who delight in a clear skin, soft, white hands, a clean, wholesome scalp and lustrous, glossy hair, will find that Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment realize every expectation. Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole proprietors, Boston, Mass. Send to them for the latest Cuticura Book, an authority on the best care of the skin, scalp, hair and hands. It is mailed free on request.

Uncle Allen.

"If you're getting old and don't know it," philosophized Uncle Allen Sparks, "you'll find it out when you go back to the town where you grew up and look around for the boys you used to play with when you were a kid."

DR. MARTEL'S FEMALE PILLS.

Seventeen Years the Standard. Prescribed and recommended for Women's Ailments. A scientifically prepared remedy, of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all Drug Stores.

Pierp's Appetite

J. P. Morgan, Sr., was always a good trencherman in his youth and he has as good an appetite today as he ever had, not only for corned beef and cabbage—his favorite dish—but for other foods. If the Morgans, who dazzled the Teutons with his mathematics when he was a German university post-graduate student, had accepted the chair of mathematics offered to him by Heidelberg, instead of his Yankee corned beef and cabbage it might have been frankfurters and sauerkraut.—New York Press.

And we once heard of a man who wrote a book on "How to Get Rich" who had actually done it himself.

Mrs. Winstow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS.

Use the best. That's why they buy Red Cross Ball Blue. At leading grocers 2 cents.

Absence makes the picture post cards accumulate.

Attention Sick Women

If you had positive proof that a certain remedy for female ills had many remarkable cures, would you not feel like trying it?

If during the last thirty years we have not succeeded in convincing every fair-minded woman that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured thousands and thousands of women of the ills peculiar to their sex, then we long for an opportunity to do so by direct correspondence. Meanwhile read the following letters which we guarantee to be genuine and truthful.

Hudson, Ohio.—"I suffered for a long time from a weakness, inflammation, dreadful pains and depression. I had been doctoring and receiving only temporary relief, when a friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so, and wrote to you for advice. I have faithfully followed your directions and now, after taking only five bottles of the Vegetable Compound, I have every reason to believe I am a well woman. I give you full permission to use my testimonial." Mrs. Lena Carmocino, Hudson, Ohio. R. F. D. No. 7.

St. Regis Falls, N. Y.—"Two years ago I was so bad that I had to take to my bed every month, and it would last from two to three weeks. I wrote to you for advice and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in dry form. I am happy to say that I am cured, thanks to your medicine and good advice. You may use my letter for the good of others."—Mrs. J. H. Breyer, St. Regis Falls, N. Y.

There is absolutely no doubt about the ability of this grand old remedy, made from the roots and herbs of our fields, to cure female diseases. We possess volumes of proof of this fact, enough to convince the most skeptical.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address: Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

"Good